SUMMER ISSUE

THE HUMAN TORCH

10¢

NO. 12

COMICS

PLUS SUB-MARINER

SUMMER ISSUE

THE HUMAN TORCH

10

NO. 12

COMICS

PLUS SUB-MARINER

ALL THIS IN ONE MARVELOUS BOOK

17 COMPLETE SECTIONS

How To Handle A ROPE

You can easily do these Tricks and Stunts with a Cowboy Rope!

Playing Winning PING-PONG

Illustrated lessons to show you form, standard shots and tricks.

How To Train YOUR DOG

Dogs, their care and training; teaching tricks and stunts.

It's Fun To BUILD THINGS

Complete plans and directions for making many useful articles.

Building Model PLANES

Full instructions on building a Glider, Solid Model and Flying Model!

Spotting Planes

Learning to spot and recognize enemy and friendly planes.

FUN–SPORT–THRILLS–GAMES
For You to Enjoy!

Here for the first time in one book, are all the zestful activities—sports—hobbies—games—magic—art—jokes — puzzles — stunts — tricks — money-making hints – craftsmanship — Commando tactics — etc., which are part of every red-blooded, intelligent, energetic boy. Imagine — *you* can become a whiz at ping-pong; a champ at wrestling; you'll teach your dog tricks; you'll learn a "tumbling" routine and perform a "magic" show; you'll have a million things to do!

ONLY 1.00 FULL PRICE

256 pages Hundreds of Illustrations Hard Cover—Cloth bound

Just Published!

IT'S THE BIGGEST, BEST-VALUE BOOK FOR BOYS

A WHOLE COLLECTION OF FASCINATING FACTS, FUN & FROLICS!

No longer will it be a question of "*what* to do" — but rather what to do *first*, and then, and then. You can become the *best* player, a crack athlete and strong-man; you can earn money; you can build useful things. You can learn to "Spot" airplanes. You can train to become a real, tough Junior Commando or Ranger. There are innumerable suggestions for things to do and fun to enjoy—for indoors and outdoors—summer or winter—alone or with your crowd.

The Science of BOXING

A complete course in tactics, blows and strategy to become a skilled, powerful hitter.

The Science of WRESTLING

Wrestle your weight in wildcats after learning these holds and techniques.

How To Be A Ventriloquist

It's easy to learn to "throw your voice" with these simple instructions.

The Secrets of CARTOONING

8 lesson course on drawing Cartoons, Art and Caricatures.

MONEY MAKING PLANS

101 Spare and Full Time money making plans, to fit the abilities of every boy.

Physical Development

Keeping strong and healthy; plus exercises for developing powerful muscles.

Nothing like these 17 WONDER BOOKS IN ONE has ever been attempted before. Fully 256 pages—packed with descriptions, secrets, ideas, suggestions, thrills, surprises, —hundreds of illustrations, pictures, drawings, cartoons, etc. There is no end to the zippy, sparkling contents

ACT NOW!

Never before such a wonderful book for boys. Never before such a remarkable value Honestly, years of jolly times and activities in this one book. Send only $1.00 (stamps, money order, check or cash) for your copy of FUN FOR BOYS (or C.O.D. plus 20c postage charges. Do it now!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO.
116 Greenwich St., Dept. 8683, N.Y.C.

FREE
Tremendous Surprise
GAME KIT

With every order we will include without extra charge — a complete assortment kit of new and old games, which can be played by 1, 2, 3, 4 or more players. Just the thing for hours and days of enjoyable fun. It is given FREE! But order now

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO.
116 Greenwich St., Dept. 8683, N.Y.C.

Rush me copy of FUN FOR BOYS plus the Free GAME KIT! I am enclosing $1.00 herewith in full payment. If it isn't a riot of fun, I can return book and get my money back at once.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

☐ *Check here if you desire book to come C.O.D. and will pay $1.20 on delivery!*

Tumbling and Pyramids

A program to give you skill and dexterity in this difficult art.

Jiu Jitsu Secrets

Fear no man, if you'll learn these amazing grips and holds in physical combat.

Indoor & Outdoor GAMES

A large selection of humorous and athletic games and contests.

Tricks, Puzzles Brain-teasers!

A collection of most interesting bewildering puzzles and tricks

Short Stories for Boys

A collection of famous stories for boys, for every mood

THE HUMAN TORCH is published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., by Snap Publishing Co., Inc. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1942 by Snap Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 1, No. 12, Summer, 1943 issue. Yearly subscription $.40 in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

HUMAN TORCH

THE SUPER-MONSTROUS DYNAMITE-LADEN ROCKET WAS HEADING FOR NEW YORK--HEADING WITH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION SWIFTNESS--BUT--TORCH AND TORO FLAME THROUGH IN---

RIDING A ROCKET TO DOOM!

IN THE OFFICE OF COLONEL LEE STAFFORD, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, IN WASHINGTON.

TORCH, OUR ATLANTIC PATROL REPORTS THAT A HUGE ROCKET BOMB IS HEADING TOWARD THE NEW YORK COAST!

IT'S STILL OVER THE ATLANTIC, EH? COME ON, TORO!

THE FLAME MASTERS ZOOM FOR TROUBLE!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS A FAST TRIP, TORO!

GET A SQUADRON OF ARMY PLANES OUT THERE! TORCH IS GOING TO SEE WHAT HE CAN DO, TOO!

MEANWHILE, FROM AN ARMY AIR FIELD IN LONG ISLAND...

...AND MINUTES LATER, THE FIGHTER PLANES MEET THE STRANGE NAZI BOMB.

MACHINE GUNS SPIT THEIR BULLETS...

HEY! LOOK! THE BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF THAT THING!

BETTER HEAD BACK, FELLOWS, WE CAN'T STOP IT!

BUT STREAKING THROUGH THE SKIES, **TORCH** AND **TORO** ARRIVE JUST IN TIME...

THERE'S THE ROCKET BOMB!

LOOKS LIKE A MINIATURE DIRIGIBLE! HOW'LL WE GO AT IT, TORCH?

IT'S EVIDENTLY PROPELLED BY POWERFUL GAS EXHAUSTS-- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

HEY! YOU'RE GOING TO GET HIT!

WATCH!

TORCH BURNS THROUGH THE PROPELLING TUBES--

THERE! IT'S SLOWING DOWN NOW!

BUT--

TORCH! LOOK! IT'S GOING TO HIT NEW YORK CITY!

PUSH DOWN HARD, TORO- MAYBE WE CAN FORCE IT DOWN IN THE HUDSON.

THE IMMENSE PROJECTILE FALLS STRAIGHT DOWN -- FEET AWAY FROM THE JERSEY SHORE

AND HITS THE WATER WITH A SHATTERING ROAR!

GOSH, TORCH.. THOSE PIERS!

MOST OF THEM ARE ABANDONED, TORO - - ANYHOW, IT'S BETTER THAN BLOWING UP THE WHOLE CITY!

BOOM!

AND, THE DANGER IS OVER!

WE'D BETTER GET RIGHT BACK TO WASHINGTON!

RIGHT! COLONEL STAFFORD MUST BE A NERVOUS WRECK BY NOW!

LATER, IN WASHINGTON ONCE MORE.

WELL, THE ROCKET BOMBS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF!

I KNOW, BUT LISTEN TO THIS - -

OUR FREE FRENCH AGENTS IN FRANCE REPORT THAT THE GERMANS ARE SHOOTING THE ROCKET **BOMBS** FROM A POINT NEAR BREST!

BREST? THAT'S AN IDEAL SPOT FOR DOING IT!

YES! IT'S RIGHT ON THE **BULGE** OF THE FRENCH COAST - - AND WE JUST LEARNED THAT THE NAZIS ARE PLANNING TO SHOOT THESE ROCKET BOMBS EVERY HOUR!

THIS HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED AT THE SOURCE! -- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT! TORO, WE'RE GOING TO FRANCE!

PLANES ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION SINCE WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THEY'RE SENDING THEM FROM..

AND, TORO AND I CAN BE SURE THAT THE WHOLE CONTRAPTION WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED.

THEN, YOU MUST LEAVE AT ONCE.

ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMATION, THE NEXT ROCKET BOMB IS BEING SET OFF ABOUT NOW.

C'MON, TORO! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!

ONCE AGAIN, **TORCH** AND **TORO** FLAME OUT TO MEET THIS FANTASTIC NEW NAZI WEAPON!

AND THEY ARE SOON FAR OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

GEE, TORCH, THINK I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO BURN HITLER'S MUSTACHE!

WHAT WE'RE AFTER, TORO, IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN CAPTURING HITLER WOULD BE.. STICK TO THE JOB WE HAVE!

GET READY TO GO TO WORK! HERE COMES THAT NEXT ROCKET BOMB! BURN THROUGH THE TAIL.

KKOOSH

WOW! WHAT A NOISE! WONDER WHAT DAVEY JONES WILL THINK OF THAT THING? WE'D BETTER GET ON TO FRANCE BEFORE THEY SEND ANY MORE OF THOSE OUT!

GOT ANY PLANS, TORCH?

NOT YET! THE FIRST STEP WILL BE TO FIND THE EXACT SPOT THEY'RE SHOOTING THEM FROM!

LATER, OVER THE FRENCH COAST...

WE'RE ABOUT TEN MILES SOUTH OF BREST -- GUESS WE'D BETTER TAKE TO LAND FROM HERE ON, WE'RE TOO NOTICEABLE THIS WAY!

COMMANDO TACTICS, EH?

TORCH AND TORO FLAME DOWN ON FRENCH SOIL.

DOUSE YOUR FIRE, TORO -- I DON'T THINK WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED.

SCOUTING THE COUNTRYSIDE, THEY COME UPON A PITIFUL SCENE -- BUT ONE WHICH INTERESTS TORCH!

GOSH, TORCH, LOOK!

MM! THOSE MEN LOOK LIKE SEAMEN! IF THAT'S SO, THEY'RE BEING EVACUATED FROM SOMEWHERE ALONG THE COAST!

TORCH STEPS FORWARD TO QUESTION ONE OF THE MEN!

SACRÉ! IT IS THE TORCH!

YOU HAVE COME TO HELP US?

YES -- BUT I MUST ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!

SAY -- THEY RECOGNIZE YOU, TORCH!

FIRST, WHERE ARE YOU COMING FROM AND WHY?

WE COME FROM BADON, A SMALL VILLAGE ON THE COAST! WHY? BECAUSE THE GERMANS SAY WE MUST LEAVE OUR HOMES!

FOR WEEKS, BARON EXECUE HAS ORDERED US TO REMAIN IN OUR HOMES BECAUSE OF SOME NEW SECRET WEAPON WHICH THE NAZIS THEMSELVES DISCUSS ONLY IN WHISPERS!

TORCH! THAT'S THE ROCKET GUN!

ROCKETS?! YES -- THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE STRANGE NOISES..

AT THIS MOMENT, TWO NAZI SOLDIERS COME ALONG THE ROAD!

I-I CANNOT WALK ANY FURTHER -- PLEASE...

SHINE! MOVE ON! YOU KNOW YOU ARE ORDERED TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HEY! LOOK AT THOSE MUGS!

VAS IST -- DIS FLAMING MAN!

SHOOT! SHOOT HIM!

TORCH FLAMES FOR THE SOLDIERS, HEEDLESS OF ANY DANGER!

YEAH! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!

SCRAM, NAZI, OR I'LL SIZZLE YOU BROWN!

I KILL YOU -- I.. WHAT!?

YAHHH!

TORO SPINS A HUGE FIRE TOP WHICH DIGS A HUGE PIT IN THE GROUND BEFORE THE AMAZED NAZI SOLDIER!

THE TORCH! IT IS THE TORCH!

LIKE A STREAK, TORO ZOOMS BEHIND THE NAZI AND...

NO, I'M NOT TORCH--BUT I'LL GROW UP TO THAT SOMEDAY. NOW, WATCH!

I DUG THAT HOLE JUST FOR YOU, RAT. SO CLIMB IN!

AHHH.

THE FRIGHTENED NAZI BACKS AWAY FROM TORO'S FLAME AND FALLS INTO THE PIT!

GUESS YOU WON'T KICK OLD MEN AGAIN IN A HURRY!

YIII!

NICE GOING, TORO!

THE NAZI PIGS!

YEAH--BUT I GUESS THE NAZIS WILL FIND OUT ABOUT OUR BEING HERE NOW! WE'D BETTER MOVE FAST!

VIVE LA FRANCE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TORO. LET'S GO.. BEFORE WE HAVE THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY ON OUR TRAIL!

And AS THEY FLAME THROUGH THE SKY...

DONNER! THE TORCH! THAT SOLDIER WAS RIGHT!

THAT'S BADON BELOW.. THE ROCKET GUN MUST BE SOMEPLACE AROUND HERE!

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING YET, TORCH!

FIRE! DESTROY THOSE TWO!

THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO ARE BUFFETED BY THE DELUGE OF FLAK!

HEY!

WATCH IT!

BUT TORO IS HIT..

OW!

WHAM!

COMING TORO! I'LL GET YOU!

TORCH! HELP!

THE EXPLOSION KNOCKS TORO'S FLAME OUT AND HE FALLS DOWN - - -

TORCH DIVES AFTER HIM AND DOUSES HIS OWN FLAME AS HE GRABS HIM.

THEY LAND UNHARMED IN A SMALL LAKE-- SWIM TO SHORE, AND CAUTIOUSLY CLIMB OUT...

WHEW! THANKS! THAT THING KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME.. I COULDN'T FLAME!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, TORO -- THOSE NAZIS WILL BE LOOKING FOR US NOW!

SAY, TORCH -- LOOK AT THOSE HAY-STACKS!

HUM-- THEY LOOK PECULIAR, DON'T THEY? LIKE BIG CIGARS!

TORCH - WE'RE RIGHT IN THE ROCKET AMMUNITION DUMP-- LOOK OVER THERE!

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STACK, THEY SEE...

THAT'S WHAT I CALL KEEPING YOUR EYES OPEN, TORO! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THIS TO THE GUN EMPLACEMENT!

THAT MUST BE THE NEXT BOMB THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT OFF!

WAIT-- IF WE CLIMB ABOARD THAT BIG BULLET--

...WE'LL GET RIGHT IN! LET'S GO!

AND, AS THE TREMENDOUS PROJECTILE WHEELS PAST THEIR HIDING PLACE...

HURRY, TORO, AND BE QUIET!

YES, TORCH-- DON'T FLAME EITHER, HEH?

KEEP LOW-- OUT OF SIGHT!

BOY-- IF THEY KNEW TORCH AND TORO WERE RIGHT ON THEIR BOMB!

SO, MINUTES LATER AS THE TRAILER DRAWS TO A STOP!

WHEW! LOOK AT THAT! IT'S THE BIGGEST CONTRAPTION I'VE EVER SEEN!

BOY, WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO THIS TIME?

FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT, TORCH AND TORO SEE A SCENE OF GREAT ACTIVITY.

EVIDENTLY THEY FIRE THESE THINGS FROM THAT TROUGH THERE!

GOSH! WHAT A LAYOUT!

THEY'RE LIFTING THE BOMB OUT OF THE CRADLE. WE'D BETTER GET AWAY!

HOW ABOUT DIGGING A FOXHOLE?

UNKNOWN TO THE FLAMING DUO, A WATCHFUL **BARON EXECUE** WATCHES THEIR EVERY MOVE.

HA! I THOUGHT SO-- THOSE TWO **ARE** THE TORCH AND TORO! MEN...

GET THOSE TWO MEN-- USE DER GAS!

MEANWHILE, TORCH AND TORO SEEK A GOOD HIDING PLACE.

SAY, TORCH-- HOW ARE WE GOING TO DESTROY THIS ROCKET BOMB?

SSH!

I'M NOT SURE YET, TORO, BUT I'LL COOK UP A PLAN!

I'LL BET IT'LL BE A HOT ONE! HA! HA!

DER WIND IS'S RIGHT.. NOW I RELEASE DER GAS!

AGH! HEY.. IT'S HARD TO BREATH!

WHAT IS IT, TORO.. HEY (SNIFF) WHAT IS THAT?

GAS! WE'VE BEEN AMBUSHED! HOLD YOUR BREATH, TORO!

(COUGH-COUGH) C-CAN'T.

TORCH HAS BARELY ENOUGH STRENGTH TO FLAME OUT OF REACH OF THE NAZIS AND THE DANGEROUS GAS FUMES.

I HATE TO LEAVE TORO BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT ROCKET!

THE OTHER ONE GOT AWAY.. BUT WE TAKE THIS BOY TO HERR BARON!

THE BOY IS IN A DEEP SLEEP MEIN HERR! DER TORCH..

I KNOW! WELL I ALSO KNOW A WAY TO BRING HIM BACK!

DER TORCH MUST THINK A LOT OF HIS LITTLE FRIEND HERE .. PERHAPS IF WE CHAIN THE BOY TO THE ROCKET-BOMB... GET TO WORK!

TORO IS SECURELY FASTENED TO THE BOMB WITH MAGNETIC MANACLES!

HAH! AN INGENIOUS IDEA OF MINE! WHEN HE WAKES, IT WILL BE IN ANOTHER WORLD.. PREPARE TO FIRE THE ROCKET!

AND FROM A SAFE DISTANCE ABOVE...

HOLY SMOKES! THEY'VE CHAINED TORO TO THAT BOMB!

I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

FIRE!

EVEN AS TORCH FLAMES DOWN, THERE IS A TREMENDOUS ROARING SOUND AND THE ROCKET BOMB RUSHES INTO THE SKY!

I'M TOO LATE.. THEY'VE FIRED IT!

WHAT CAN I DO?.. IF I DON'T HELP TORO, HE'LL BE BLOWN UP WHEN THAT BOMB REACHES AMERICA! ...BUT IF I LEAVE, THESE RATS MAY SHOOT OFF ALL THE ROCKET-BOMBS THEY HAVE AND DESTROY THE ENTIRE EAST COAST!

I'M AFRAID TORO WILL HAVE TO WAIT-- MY DUTY IS TO GET THESE SKUNKS FIRST!

TORCH COMES DOWN TO FACE THE NAZI BARON...

SURRENDER, TORCH, OR I ORDER MY MEN TO TURN THE WATER ON YOU!

SORRY, BARON, BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS!

TURN IT ON! PUT HIM OUT!

BUT, TORCH'S FLAME IS TOO HOT AND WHEN THE WATER HITS HIS BODY, CLOUDS OF STEAM RISE TO ENVELOPE THE NAZIS!

THIS IS PERFECT-- MY OWN SMOKE SCREEN AND THEY MADE IT!

NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE JOB I CAME TO DO! AH-- I WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE BRINGING UP ANOTHER ROCKET-BOMB! THAT MUST MEAN THEY PLAN TO BOMBARD AMERICA!

I HOPE THAT STEAM KEEPS THE BARON BUSY WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THIS ROCKET!

TORCH FLAMES DOWN ON THE PROPELLING TUBES OF THE TREMENDOUS BOMB...

THERE! THESE TUBES ARE WELDED CLOSED NOW!

...AND QUICKLY ZOOMS AWAY!

THERE HE IS! IN THE AIR! BRING HIM DOWN!

BUT TORCH TURNS AWAY--

WHAT.. HE RUNS?! THE COWARD.. COME, I KNOW WHAT WE DO NOW!

WE SEND THE NEXT BOMB AFTER HIM-- LOAD IT!

AND, HIGH ABOVE THEM...

GOOD! THEY'RE LOADING THE ROCKET-BOMB!

MINUTES LATER...

CONTACT SWITCHES! --FIRE!

THE SWITCH IS PULLED --- THE ROCKET SHUDDERS BUT DOES NOT MOVE FROM THE CATAPULT!

IT DOES NOT MOVE.. VAS IST?

GOTT MITT UNS-- DER TUBES ARE SEALED! IT VILL EXPLODE!

AS BARON EXECUE SPEAKS, A FURIOUS ROAR RIPS THE HEAVENS APART AND THE BOMB EXPLODES THROWING MEN AND MACHINERY HIGH INTO THE SKY!

WOW! POWERFUL LITTLE GADGETS, THOSE BOMBS!

AIEEE!

BAROOM!!

THE CONCUSSION IS SO DENSE THAT THE ROCKET BOMBS IN THE AMMUNITION DUMP ARE SET OFF!

IT'S A GOOD THING THE NAZIS EVACUATED THE CIVILIANS — — EVERY LIVING THING FOR MILES WILL BE KILLED BY THIS!

FOR A MOMENT, **TORCH** GAZES DOWN AT THE SCENE OF DESOLATION - - -

THAT HOLE'S JUST ABOUT LARGE ENOUGH TO PUT BERLIN INTO -- WISH I COULD! WELL, THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE ROCKET BOMBS FOR A GOOD LONG TIME!

NOW, I'VE GOT TO SAVE TORO -- I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT BOMB! MUST BE IN MID ATLANTIC BY NOW - - -

AND TORCH SPEEDS OUT OVER THE OCEAN IN A DESPERATE CHASE!

IT IS A BATTLE AGAINST TIME AS TORCH RACES ON -- DRAWING EVER CLOSER TO THE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE!

HOURS LATER, TORCH SIGHTS THE BOMB!

THERE IT IS NOW! AND -- ONLY HALF AN HOUR MORE TO THE COAST OF AMERICA!

AS HE PULLS CLOSER TO IT..

TORO -- ARE YOU CONSCIOUS?

YES -- HOW DID I GET INTO THIS MESS?

IT WAS THE BARON'S IDEA..

OH.. WELL, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET ME OFF?

THE FLAME MASTER WHEELS AROUND AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR TORO!

GET SET, TORO!

HEY, WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

THOSE MANACLES ARE MAGNETIC -- MAYBE I CAN...

HEY -- TORCH, YOU'LL EXPLODE US -- LOOK OUT!

TORCH SNAPS HIS FLAME OFF AND THE MOMENTUM OF HIS PLUNGE CARRIES HIM DOWN ONTO THE BODY OF THE ROCKET-BOMB!

GRAB ME!

THE MAGNETS ARE WRENCHED LOOSE AND TORCH SPRINGS INTO THE AIR, TORO IN HIS ARMS!

SAY-- YOU HAD ME PLENTY SCARED FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS

I SCARED MYSELF THAT TIME, TORO.. BETTER FLAME AND MELT THOSE SHACKLES OFF!

GOOD IDEA ANYHOW, UNLESS YOU WANT TO SWIM HOME!

THERE-- FREE AS A BIRD!

START FLYING, BIRD, WE STILL HAVE TO STOP THAT ROCKET-BEFORE IT REACHES NEW YORK!

CAN'T WE JUST EXPLODE THIS ONE IN MID-AIR?

TORCH SPLASHES THROUGH THE ROCKET TUBES ONCE AGAIN.

NO, TORO.. TO STOP THE BIRD, CUT OFF HIS TAIL! LIKE THIS!

BECAUSE WE ARE GOING TO PUSH THIS THING BACK AND RETURN IT TO HITLER!

FINE! BUT WHY NOT GET RID OF IT HERE?

EXERTING GREAT STRENGTH, TORCH AND TORO TURN THE ROCKET AND HEAD BACK TOWARD EUROPE!

WHY DIDN'T IT EXPLODE, TORCH?

BECAUSE, THE EXPLOSIVES ARE IN THE FRONT!

AND NEAR THE COAST ONCE AGAIN...

WHERE TO?

THE SUBMARINE BASE AT LORIENT-- IS DIRECTLY AHEAD!

WITH A LAST POWERFUL SHOVE DOWN, TORCH AND TORO WATCH THE HUGE PROJECTILE STREAK FOR THE U-BOAT DEN BELOW THEM!

GET MOVING AWAY FROM HERE, TORO-- FAST!

RIGHT-- I DON'T WANT TO BE VERY CLOSE WHEN THAT GOES OFF!

GOSH--THOSE BOMBS WERE PRETTY POWERFUL, WEREN'T THEY? LOOK AT THAT MESS OF SCRAP METAL!

THEN--- SUBMARINES, CONCRETE PIERS, NAZIS, AND EXPLOSIVES ARE BLASTED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH...

CRACK!

BOOM!

BOOM!

GOSH, TORCH -- IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME IF THAT THING HAD GONE OFF WHILE I WAS ON IT?

I'D RATHER THINK ABOUT WHAT **DID** HAPPEN WHEN IT EXPLODED--HURRY IT UP, TORO, WE HAVE A REPORT TO MAKE TO COLONEL STAFFORD ABOUT ANOTHER NAZI SCHEME THAT FIZZLED!

THEIR MISSION COMPLETED, **TORCH** AND **TORO** TURN TOWARD HOME.

HUMAN TORCH

DANGER -- DESTRUCTION - MYSTERY AND MURDER WERE CONSTANT THREATS UNTIL TORCH AND TORO BLAZE THROUGH AND --- UNMASK A GESTAPO RABBIT!

IN DER NAME OF DER FEUHRER-- VE ACCEPT DIS CITY

HEIL HITLER!

UUDER A HIGH-RANKING FIELD MARSHAL -- A LARGE NAZI FORCE INVADES THE TINY RUSSIAN TOWN OF POGRAD.

BUT, SONYA PETROYA WAITS HER CHANCE!

WHEN THE FIELD MARSHAL AND HIS STAFF COME BETWEEN MY SIGHTS. DEATH TO HIM!

AND SUDDENLY...

HIMMEL--ACH!

RAT-TAT-TAT

DER FIELD MARSHAL HAS BEEN KILLED!

THE SHOTS CAME FROM DIS HOUSE! CAREFUL! IT IS A SNIPER!

SONYA SWIFTLY HIDES!

THEY DO NOT SEE ME!

ACH! DERE ISS NO VON HERE-- LOOK!

AND HOURS LATER, THE NEWS IS CARRIED TO THE RUSSIAN LINES BY A PANTING PEASANT.

S-SONYA P-PETROYA K KILLED NAZI FIELD M-MARSHAL -- WHOLE S-STAFF-- VILLAGE OF POGRAD!

WONDERFUL! NOW, WE WILL ATTACK BEFORE THE NAZIS MAKE NEW PLANS!

WITHIN THE HOUR, RUSSIAN SOLDIERS MARCH INTO POGRAD IN A FIERCE COUNTER ATTACK!

DEATH TO THE SWINE!

THIS ONE WILL NEVER HEIL AGAIN!

A FEW DAYS LATER. SONYA IS OFFICIALLY THANKED!

YOUR HEROISM IS A SYMBOL OF OUR RUSSIAN SPIRIT, SONYA!

I AM ONLY ONE OF MANY WHO WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME!

I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES ON A RADIO AND LECTURE TOUR AS A GUEST OF THE RUSSIAN RELIEF. YOU WILL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

BUT... IN BERCHTESGARTEN, SCHICKELGRUBER GASES!

ACH! A RUSSIAN GIRL SNIPER SHOULD KILL MY BEST GENERAL AND ESCAPE FROM YOU DUMBKOPFS!

SHE VILL PAY FOR DIS! DER GESTAPO SAYS SHE ISS BEING SENT TO AMERICA! I VILL INFORM DER RABBIT! JA!

LATE THAT SAME NIGHT THE MOST CUNNING NAZI IN AMERICA RECEIVES HIS ORDERS VIA SHORT WAVE.

HERR RABBIT? DIS ISS VON SCHLOTT ORDERS FROM HERR HITLER. DOT RUSSIAN SNIPER WHO COMES TO AMERICA, MUST BE SILENCED! VERSTEHEN SIE?

JA! SHE'LL BE SILENCED IN THE USUAL WAY. HEIL HITLER!

A FEW WEEKS LATER ...

SOUNDS INTERESTING, TORO -- WANT TO GO?

YOU BET!

CITY THEATRE
SONYA PETROYA, RUSSIAN SNIPER WHO KILLED THE GERMAN FIELD MARSHAL, WILL LECTURE TONIGHT AT 8:30! PROCEEDS WILL GO TO RUSSIAN RELIEF!

WHILE BACKSTAGE THE RABBIT OVERCOMES THE STAGEHANDS...

YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE...

STAGE DOOR

SILENCE, SWINE! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO!

AH! THE SWITCH BOARD! GOOT!

CURRENT STAGE

MEANWHILE, ON THE STAGE...

COOPERATION BETWEEN RUSSIA AND AMERICA IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN FIGHTING THE AXIS!

THAT'S THE SPIRT OF RUSSIA, TORO.

THEN, A HAND PULLS THE MAIN SWTCH AND...

THE AUDITORIUM IS IMMEDIATELY PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS!

H-E-L-P!

FLAME UP, TORO -- SOMEONE'S AFTER THAT GIRL!

WE'LL PUT A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!

DER HUMAN TORCH!

BACKSTAGE, TORCH FINDS THE RABBIT..

SO YOU'RE BEHIND THIS!? WELL, GET BEHIND MY FIST!

MEANWHILE--IN THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADO'S BOX...

GET DER RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR-- SCHNELL!

NOT SO FAST!

ACH- I'M ON FIRE!

GET THAT GIRL OUT OF HERE-- WE'LL TAKE CARE OF TORCH!

LET'S SEE YOU TRY!

IN THE DARKNESS ONE OF RABBIT'S HENCHMEN MAKES OFF WITH THE GIRL!

TORCH'S FLAME MELTS THE NAZIS GUNS!

NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR HEADS!

WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT RUSSIAN GIRL!

HELP!

THIS CURTAIN IS LINED WITH ASBESTOS! IT WILL STOP THE FLAMES! JA!

RABBIT SWIFTLY CUTS THE CURTAIN ROPE --- IT FALLS, SMOTHERING THE SONS OF FIRE!

ULP!

COVER THEM -- QUICKLY!

THAT VILL SNUFF OUT DER FLAMES!

HOLD THEM, I'LL BE BACK IMMEDIATELY!

BACK ON THE STAGE...

POLICE! GET TH -- OW!

I HAVE OTHER USES FOR THIS MICROPHONE! MISTER AMBASSADOR!

F.B.I.

NOW LET DER TORCH TRY TO FOLLOW US!

UGH!

MINUTES LATER.

A-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES - WHERE IS THE GIRL?

UMM!

THEY'VE KIDNAPPED PETROYA!

NOT ALONE WILL YOU HAVE TO RETURN NEARLY $50,000 IN ADMISSIONS BUT PETROYA'S LIFE IS IN DANGER!

AND, WHILE THE POLICE GO TO WORK ON THE CASE, **TORCH** AND **TORO** PROCEED WITH A SHOW FOR THE CUSTOMERS.

WELL.. IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH THE AUDIENCE, TORO AND I WILL PUT ON A FIRE SHOW!

SPLENDID!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP! CLAP!

SECONDS LATER, TORCH AND TORO FLASH IN AND OUT AROUND THE STAGE IN A SPECTACULAR DESIGN OF FIRE BEFORE THE WILDLY APPLAUDING AUDIENCE!

BONDS ARE AMMUNITION

BUT, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE!

TORCH, THE POLICE HAVE FOUND NO CLUE CONCERNING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PETROVA

SEEMS STRANGE, TORCH, THAT THE NAZIS SHOULD TAKE SUCH RISKS TO KIDNAP A RUSSIAN GIRL!

SHE'S MORE THAN THAT! SHE'S A SYMBOL OF LIBERTY - - - AND THE NAZIS KNOW IT!

SONYA DE [illegible] RUSSIAN [illegible] SNIPER LECTURES HERE TO-NI[illegible]

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WHOLE AFFAIR MAKES ME THINK THAT THIS KIDNAPPING IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF A MUCH BIGGER CRIME!

MEANTIME IN THE RABBIT'S HIDEOUT - - -

KILL ME! I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE!

NEIN.. FOR YOU I HAFF OTHER PLANS!

YOU ARE GOING TO HELP US IN YOUR NATION-WIDE TOUR! JA!

YOU CRAZY RABBIT! I WON'T DO THAT!

ALL AMERICA KNOWS THAT YOU KILLED ONE OF OUR GREAT GENERALS -- THAT YOU ALONE SAVED THE TOWN OF POGRAD ! THE AMERICANS WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY!

TOMORROW, IN YOUR COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST, YOU SAY WHAT I WISH YOU TO! VERSTEHEN SIE?

SLAP!

NO TORTURE WOULD BE HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO MAKE ME DO YOUR BIDDING!

HA -- THE RABBIT HAS WAYS TO MAKE YOU OBEY!

SOON...

ACH! SHE ISS LIKE A VILOCAT!

PUT HER IN THE CYLINDER ROOM -- YOU SEE-HOW QUICK I TAME HER!

THE NAZIS GO TO WORK AND...

LOWER HER INTO THE VAT -- SLOWLY -- SLOWLY!

JA! I WILL FEED IN DER OXYGEN!

ENOUGH! GET THE NEEDLES READY!

THEN...

IN TEN MINUTES HER AMNESIA WILL BE COMPLETE!

SHE FORGETS EVERYTHING BUT VAT YOU TELL HER, JA, RABBIT!

EARLY THE NEXT DAY, SONYA APPEARS AT THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE.

GOOD MORNING, AMBASSADOR!

SONYA!

I MUST GO TO THE STATION... IN HALF AN HOUR I GO ON THE AIR YOU KNOW!

BUT LAST NIGHT!.. THE NAZIS.. I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

OH, THAT WAS A PUBLICITY IDEA SO I WOULD GET SPECIAL NEWSPAPER NOTICES!

THAT IS THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN AMERICA, YOU KNOW!

BUT YOU SAID NOTHING EVEN TO ME!?

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SOMETHING IS.. HELLO, GET ME THE HUMAN TORCH, PLEASE! HURRY.

WHAT? A PUBLICITY STUNT?! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

SECONDS LATER...

THIRD FLOOR, TORCH!

WHAT ROOM IS THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN?

AND LATER..

SHE'S BROADCASTING OVER STATION J-K-L. TORO! STEP ON IT!

WE'LL BE THERE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

THAT PUBLICITY STORY IS A LIE! THOSE MEN **WERE** NAZIS AND THEY MEANT BUSINESS!

AND HOW THE DID.. I'VE STILL GOT A BUMP ON MY HEAD!

AT THE STATION..

THERE'S SONYA!

WE'RE JUST IN TIME!

J K L

BUT...

SORRY, MISTER, YOU CAN'T GO IN--OH, TORCH!

YES.. HAVE YOU A GOOD SPOT TO SEE THIS BROADCAST FROM?

STUDIO F

HERE'S THE SPONSOR'S BOOTH.. YOU CAN USE IT..

THANK YOU!

YOU'RE ON THE AIR!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, STATION J-K-L TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING MISS SONYA PETROYA, THE HEROIC RUSSIAN GIRL SNIPER WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF ONE OF HITLER'S MOST HATED GENERALS!

I MUST CORRECT THE ANNOUNCER -- THERE IS A GREAT MISTAKE! THE GENERAL WAS KILLED BY A CRAZY RUSSIAN PRISONER -- THE NAZIS ARE TREATING THE RUSSIANS WELL, AND

THE WORLD IS STUNNED!

HITLER MEANS ONLY TO HELP OUR PEOPLE--TO FREE US FROM OUR PRESENT ENSLAVEMENT!

SHE CAN'T BE THE SAME GIRL!

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES, A TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY LISTEN TO HER WORDS..

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THIS AND ARE HAPPY TO WELCOME THE GERMANS INTO RUSSIA!

TRAITOR!

WHY--SHE'S TALKING LIKE A NAZI!

MEANWHILE RABBIT AND HIS HENCHMEN HEAR THE PROGRAM AND GLOAT..

WE WILL BE GLAD WHEN HITLER HAS COMPLETELY FREED US!

HA! NO-ONE WILL KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED--BUT MANY WILL BELIEVE HER!

WHEN SHE RETURNS FROM THE BROADCAST, I MUST DO AWAY WITH HER! WE WILL HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR HER!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER WHEN THE BROADCAST ENDS.

NOT TOO CLOSE TORO SHE MUSTN'T KNOW WE'RE FOLLOWING HER!

RIGHT!

I'M SURE SHE'S BEEN DRUGGED! WE'LL TRAIL HER I'VE A HUNCH SHE'LL GO BACK TO THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER TREASONESS SPEECH!

AT LAST...

WAIT A MINUTE -- THEN, WE GO IN TOO!

GREETINGS, SONYA -- THAT WAS A FINE SPEECH! YOU HAVE DONE WELL!

THANK YOU, HERR RABBIT!

SUDDENLY... TORCH ENTERS!

WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THIS?

OWW!

ANYHOW WE'RE HERE TO CLEAN HOUSE!

HI FUNNY BUNNY! TAKE THIS!

TORCH DOES NOT HAVE HIS FLAME ON -- NOW IS MY CHANCE!

TORCH!

WHAT?

JUST THIS!

WHILE TORO DEALS WITH THE NAZIS, TORCH QUESTIONS SONYA ---

SONYA! WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

I--I-DON'T UNDERSTAND..

PERHAPS THE RABBIT WILL KNOW-- HE IS MY MASTER!

HERE'S THE ONLY ANSWER FOR YOU, TORCH!

MEANWHILE THE RABBIT HAS RECOVERED AND...

TORCH FLAMES INSTANTLY AND GRABS THE EXPLODING GRENADE...

BETTER AIM NEXT TIME, RABBIT!

BOOM

...HIS FLAME IS KNOCKED OFF AND TORCH IS KNOCKED OUT....

TORO IMPRISONS THE OTHER RATZIS IN A FLAMING SWASTIKA...

SWASTIKAS! GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!

NO! NO!

TORCH -- WHAT HAPPENED ?

A GRENADE -- BUT, RABBIT HAS SONYA, TORO ! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM !

HA ! TORCH WILL FOLLOW TO SAVE YOU -- THEN, I WILL HAVE THEM IN MY POWER TOO !

IN FACT, I WILL KILL HER NOW UNLESS YOU SURRENDER !

ON THE ELEVATOR...

LEAVE THAT GIRL ALONE -- OR --

YOU CAN DO NOTHING, TORCH !

YOU WIN RABBIT -- COME BACK TORO !

JA -- I THOUGHT SO -- NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE !

TORCH AND TORO OBEY...

WHAT DO YOU WANT US FOR ?

WHEN I TURN THIS WHEEL, YOU WILL FIND OUT !

AND, SLOWLY, RABBIT FORCES A WHEEL AROUND...

THEN, TORCH AND TORO ARE CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE OF POWERFUL ACID THAT STEALS THEIR STRENGTH!

UGH!

YEOW!

HURRY -- PUT THEM IN THE COLD STEEL CYLINDER!

JA, HERR RABBIT-- IT ISS READY!

HOURS LATER...

YOU ARE CONSCIOUS NOW-- GOOD! YOU WILL LISTEN CLOSELY TO WHAT I TELL YOU!

SONYA IS UNDER MY POWER -- I PERMITTED HER TO RETURN HERE AFTER THE BROADCAST, HOPING THAT YOU WOULD FOLLOW-- I HAVE WORK FOR YOU TOO!

BY ADDING THIS CHEMICAL TO THE WATER IN THIS VAT, I CAN FIRE PROOF YOUR BODIES -- SO!

SHALL WE DUMP THEM IN NOW, RABBIT!

JA! ACH -- THEY SPLASHED ME -- MY HANDS! WELL, NOW THEY CANNOT BLAME AGAINST US!

SOON..

TAKE THEM OUT NOW, THEY HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

HA! NOW DEY ARE JUST MEN LIKE US!

WE'D NEVER BE THAT BAD-- TRY TO FLAME, TORO!

IT'S NO USE, TORCH! I CAN'T!

HA! GOOD! NOW I'LL INJECT THE AMNESIA SERUM AND YOU WILL ACT AS I SAY..

YES.. I CAN MAKE YOU FORGET EVERYTHING...

RABBIT WASHES THE CHEMICAL OFF HIS HANDS

EXCEPT WHAT I WISH YOU TO SAY AND THINK.. IN SHORT, YOU WILL BE A GOOD NAZI- HEIL, HITLER!

HEIL, HITLER!

HEIL!

THEN...

HEIL, DEMOCRACY!

SHOOT THEM!

I CAN'T THEY KNOCKED THE GUN FROM MY HAND!

I LOST MINE, TOO!

LET'S DUMP THEM IN THEIR OWN SWIMMING POOL!

YOU'RE RIGHT! RUSH 'EM, TORO!

NOW, WE'LL FIRE-PROOF YOU!

JUMP IN -- THE CHEMICAL'S FINE!

THEN TORCH WHIRLS FOR RABBIT WHO DUCKED IN TIME!

HA! YOU CANNOT FLAME -- THIS BULLET WILL KILL YOU!

TORCH SWINGS HIS FOOT IN A VICIOUS KICK AND...

OWWW!

I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT SPOIL YOUR AIM!

BANG!

A RIGHT TO THE WHISKERS, YOU FREAK!

SECONDS LATER...

NO! NO! YOU ARE HURTING MY MASTER!

YOU'RE WRONG SONYA.. HE'S NOT YOUR MASTER!

THEN...

HOW ABOUT SONYA--AND US?

COME ON TORO --WE'LL TAKE CARE OF OUR FLAMES FIRST!

THIS CHEMICAL TOOK THE FIRE-PROOF LIQUID OFF RABBIT'S HANDS SO--IT SHOULD DO THE SAME FOR US!

GEE--I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!

I'LL ROPE UP THOSE UNCONSCIOUS NAZIS IN THE MEANTIME!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

THIS WALL OF FIRES GOT TO HOLD THEM TILL THE POLICE GET HERE!

IT WILL!

AN HOUR LATER, AN EMINENT DOCTOR COMPLETES HIS EXAMINATION OF SONYA AT THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE.

THE CHEMICALS INJECTED INTO THE GIRL FORCE A STATE OF AMNESIA--IT WILL WEAR OFF WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THOUGH!

WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF -- BOY, THAT LADY HAS SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE!

TEAM MATES

THE SMILE on Captain Todd's face was pleasant but not wholly reassuring. Curt felt his heart do a couple of fancy kicks, begin to race. He knew Captain Todd's smile meant . . . failure. If Curt didn't land this government trucking contract. . . .

Captain Todd explained, "We have to use extreme caution. We can't turn supplies over to any Tom, Dick, or Harry!"

"Someone's been buzzing your ear." Curt felt the muscles in his tall body stiffen rebelliously. "It was in the bag before. But now—"

Captain Todd leaned forward. "We've got to have someone handling this stuff who won't pile it up in a ditch somewhere. Every truck load of stuff you haul is worth more than money. It's worth lives. It's got to get through!"

Curt looked out the window over the big storage field below. In front of the administration building the field was dotted with army trucks, their hoods and tarpaulins glistening in the rain. Behind him Captain Todd reassured, "Nothing is definite yet. Your application will be considered with the others—"

"Red Carlton is the only other one! He's cutting into my territory. I was the only one working this section until the Army established this big base. Now with a government contract in the air, he's moved into the village with a couple of fancy rigs and is trying to grab all the gravy. It's not right!"

Curt turned angrily. He felt a hot flush cover his face. Darned if he was going to eat crow for anyone.

Captain Todd rustled a paper across the glass top of the desk under his eyes. "You will be notified when we reach a decision!"

CURT SLOSHED across the field, turned in his visitor's pass at the guard house and walked across the road to the battered GMC 2 ton. In spite of weather beaten paint and a couple of banged-up fenders, he had a soft spot in his heart for the old girl. He'd done a lot of hauling since he'd bought the truck back in '39 and she'd done close to ninety thousand miles.

On the other hand, Red Carlton's shiny combination was the very latest. Curt found it standing at Weatherbee's service station. Curt eased the GMC in at the line of pumps, got out and walked stiffly into the station office. He pushed back his soaking hat to find Red Carlton grinning at him. Red was big and broad, and freckled.

"Well, son," Red boomed. "Land the contract?"

Curt snapped, "You know I didn't. You know why too!"

Red continued to grin. "You got me all wrong, son. *I* don't know nothing. Didn't even get the job . . . yet!"

Curt said to Mr. Weatherbee, "I never knew what a trucking pirate was until now!"

Silence fell, brooding and tense. Mr. Weatherbee cleared his throat nervously. "There's enough trouble in the world—"

Red interrupted harshly, "I'm no pirate, son!"

"What d'you call this?" Curt took a step forward, his lanky body knotting.

"I didn't blab about you!" Red said. "You seem to think I said something, told the Captain maybe that you'd had a couple of smashes, that you'd lost a load of milk for Dalton's once when their big job was laid up—"

"You just *hinted* that he might check up on records!" Red moved uneasily. Mr. Weatherbee cleared his throat but Curt snapped, "You never came near Clifton until the Army base opened up! You stayed clear over in Riverton, worked on the ritzy mob there, charging fancy prices for your truck!"

"Sure," Red admitted. "They had it to pay. Now . . . times are changed. Lots of homes are closed up. This was open to anyone. What could you have done with one two-ton job? You'd never have been able to swing it!"

Curt stepped back. If he'd landed the contract he'd have got a new truck out of the board, maybe one of those big combinations like . . . Red Carlton wheeled around in. But now that was out. The best man, or truck, had won!

THE LAST of the furniture was off and inside the house. Curt climbed over a packing case in the cold hall as Mrs. Green came from the kitchen toward him.

She said, "I can't pay you all I owe you, Curt. I . . . haven't got it."

Curt nodded. "That'll be okay, I guess. As long as I get some of it . . ." He thought

about his father laid up at home from an accident at the factory, the letter from Bill this morning from somewhere overseas. He said, "Every little helps nowadays."

"I know," the old lady said. "I hated to ask you this time but the others—" She broke off abruptly, color tinging her cheeks, a rueful smile appearing about her mouth.

Curt chuckled. "The others wanted too much, eh?"

He took the money she offered and went out. Red Carlton didn't want to bother with "odd" jobs of this kind. All he was interested in was the gravy, government contracts and such. No, Red couldn't be bothered with this little stuff and Curt knew that at the rate he was going, he'd soon have to get out and get something else, something that meant a regular check.

The sky had cleared off. The GMC ploughed up grade, rounding the bend along the summet of the hill. The village lay below, a few sleepy lights peering yellowly back. Home was down there. . . .

Curt yelled, twisted the wheel frantically driving the GMC over against the bank till the guards scraped and ploughed into the water-soaked earth. There, right before him, tearing around the bend was a huge combination, the glaring headlights smashing Curt in the eyes, blinding him.

The bodies crashed and the big combination roared past, ploughing over to the far side. As the tail went past with its red and green running lights, Curt saw it keeling over, heard the sickening crash and scream of metal. Then Curt had the GMC stopped and was out and splashing back, breath clogging his throat.

Moonlight gleamed on the face of puddles in the road. Curt raced forward as the cab of the big combination was pushed open and someone slopped sluggishly out. Red Carlton the pirate—!

Red chattered, staring at Curt out of haggard eyes set in an ashen face. "You—you—"

"Don't say it!" Curt snarled thickly. "You're good at talking big in public! Here's your answer—"

Curt lunged forward then dragged himself to a stop, as he saw the pain creasing Red's face, realized that his shoulder was hanging funny. . . .

"The wheel ripped out of my hands!" Red muttered, grinding his teeth, turning half away with pain. "And this load. . . ."

"Carting government supplies already?" Curt snapped. "And you talked about me—"

"That stuff's got to go through!" Red admitted between grinding teeth. "But—it won't! Not now! So rest easy, son. You win! I can't get drivers. Have to do most of it myself. You can just walk in to the Captain tomorrow . . . and he'll hand you the contract!"

For a moment Curt stood listening to the wind in the trees up the slope. His anger was gone then and he walked slowly along the road, boots sloshing in the puddles. The combination was down to her hubs in the ditch, her great silvery body leaning against the trees on the bank. It was bad, Curt realized as he crawled around squinting with a flashlight down at the hubs. But there was plenty of beef in this job. Maybe—

"What're you going to do?" Red demanded between trembling lips. "Are you nuts?"

"Maybe." Curt climbed up into the cab, kicked the big motor over. He listened a moment to the throaty purr of the powerful engine, then engaged the gears in low, eased the clutch in. The big job shuddered, dropped back as he disengaged the clutch. He tried again, gunning the motor. Once more the loaded vehicle trembled and Curt fed its throttle carefully, feeling the swift pound of blood through him as, a second later, the combination ground forward, wheels slewing savagely. A moment later he'd pulled her out onto the road, over to the side.

Red hurried up his face creased with a mixture of pain and uncertainty. "You are nuts—"

"Wait till I get my old girl off to the side," Curt ordered.

DROPPING the tail gate of the GMC Curt tossed the broom in, prepared to follow it when a voice hailed him. He turned quickly and saw Red Carlton coming down the drive toward him. Red's arm was in a sling but healthy color had returned to his face.

"Hi, son," he greeted. "I wanta talk business with you!"

"Never mind the charity act," Curt warned suspiciously. "You got the contract. Keep it!"

Red shook his heavy head. "Don't worry. I'm no sap, son! Last night—" He hesitated. "If that had been me . . . well, I'm not sure what I'd have done. You—showed me up! To myself. Understand?"

Curt hesitated. "Maybe. What's next?"

Red explained, "Well, it's this way. I'm not offering you a job or anything like that and I'm certainly not letting this contract go up in smoke. What I do want is a partner! I want someone to take half the responsibility and half . . . the profits. I'm no piker. I don't know these roads and I'll be out of whack for a while. How about it, son?"

Curt eased in a breath-full of crisp air. He couldn't help grinning, nor help the way he gripped the hand Red shoved toward him, even if it was the wrong one!

The End

SUB-MARINER

A SERIES OF TERRIBLE SINKINGS BY SNEAK-PUNCHING SUBS...THAT HIT AND RUN...LEADS SUB-MARINER A WILD AND DANGEROUS CHASE TO THE LAIR OF THE PIG BOATS!

ABOARD A TRIM U.S. CORVETTE, ON CARRIBEAN PATROL...

SO, YOU'RE INTERESTED IN OUR U-BOAT PATROL, PRINCE NAMOR?

DEFINITELY. THAT'S WHY I GOT ADMIRAL HAUSEN'S PERMISSION TO GO OUT FOR PATROL WITH YOU.

THEN, AN INTERRUPTION...

PARDON ME, COMMANDER— AN F.B.I. PATROL PLANE HAS RADIOED THAT A BOAT WAS SEEN IN THE VICINITY OF STATION M.

VERY WELL. NOW WE'LL SEE ACTION, SUB-MARINER.

FULL SPEED ABOUT TO STATION M!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

ON THE WAY, THE SPEEDY PATROL BOAT PASSES A FOUR MASTED SCHOONER.

SAY! I THOUGHT THOSE WERE THINGS OF THE PAST!

NOT QUITE...

THAT'S THE *MARCELLE*— WHEN WAR WAS DECLARED, SHE WAS PUT INTO SERVICE AS A CARGO TRANSPORT. SHE RUNS REGULARLY BETWEEN PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD TO HAVANA, CUBA.

NOW SHE'S HEADED FOR PORT OF SPAIN, EH?

AT THAT MOMENT, NAMOR NOTICES A PECULIAR THING HAPPENING TO THE SCHOONER.

HOLY SEA WATER! I WONDER IF COMMANDER DALE NOTICED IT? THAT SCHOONER SUDDENLY SANK THREE FEET INTO THE WATER, AS IF A HEAVY LOAD FELL ON IT! ODD??

AT SECTION M...

NO SIGN OF A SUB HERE.

THE DETECTORS REGISTER ZERO. GUESS IT WAS A BUM STEER. HAVE THE BOAT HEAD BACK TOWARD PORT OF SPAIN.

LATER, AT PORT OF SPAIN···

SORRY YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY EXCITEMENT, NAMOR.

PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME

SAY! THERE'S THE *MARCELLE!*

YOU MUST BE IN LOVE WITH THAT BOAT···

NOT THAT, BUT YOU RARELY SEE A SCHOONER TODAY - I'D LIKE TO LOOK THAT BABY OVER!

THAT'S EASY! I KNOW THE SKIPPER— COME ON!

H'YA, CAPTAIN KALE!

'LO, COMMANDER— WHAT CAN I DO FER YOU?

THIS IS SUB-MARINER WILL YOU GIVE HIM A SIGHT-SEEING TOUR AROUND YOUR BOAT WHILE I MAKE MY REPORT—? SEE YOU LATER, NAMOR

SUB-MARINER, EH?— SURE, COME ALONG!

THANKS!

AFTER A BRIEF INSPECTION OF THE TOP DECK, CAPTAIN KALE TAKES NAMOR DOWN INTO THE EMPTY HOLD.

SOLID OAK AND MAHOGANY & A BETTER BOAT YOU'LL NEVER FIND!

HOW INTERESTING!

SOON THIS HOLD WILL BE LOADED WITH FOOD TO TAKE BACK TO HAVANA.

NOW, WHAT IN NEPTUNE'S BEARD WOULD A SHIP'S STEERING WHEEL BE DOING THERE?

THE TOUR IS OVER···

THANKS FOR THE INTERESTING TRIP, SKIPPER— SO LONG!

ANY TIME, M'LAD - ANY TIME! WE'RE SHOVING OFF AS SOON AS THE TIDE RISES. SEE YOU AGAIN-

THAT EVENING, JUST BEFORE THE MARCELLE'S SAILING TIME...

NO ONE ON WATCH— GOOD!

PRINCE NAMOR CAREFULLY SCOUTS AROUND AND...

HMM... THERE'S THE HATCH— NOW TO GET INTO THAT HOLD—

AS NAMOR DROPS CAT-LIKE INTO THE HOLD...

THIS TUB'S PUTTING OUT TO SEA— I CAN HEAR THE SAIL WINCHES TURNING!

THERE IT IS— THE SHIP'S STEERING WHEEL— NOW TO GIVE IT A FEW TURNS—

HOT SALAMANDERS! I THOUGHT SO— A SECRET DOOR!

VERY INTERESTING— A PASSAGEWAY RUNNING ALONG BETWEEN FALSE HULL AND THE OUTSIDE BOARDS.

I'VE COME TO THE END OF THE PASSAGEWAY THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD AND THIS WALK IS SLOPING DOWNWARD.

THE WATER KING COMES UPON A STARTLING SCENE ...

OH-HO! A FALSE HOLD! AND, THERE'S CAPTAIN KALE AT A CONTROL BOARD!

WELL, I'LL BE - THIS TUB'S SOME KIND OF A FRONT FOR SOMETHING — SAY.. THAT HISSING SOUND—

YE GADS! THE FLOOR'S OPENING INTO THE WATER!!!

I GET IT! COMPRESSED AIR KEEPS THE WATER OUT— THIS IS SOME KIND OF A HUGE AIR LOCK— BUT FOR WHAT?

PRINCE NAMOR'S QUESTION IS SOON ANSWERED!

A U-BOAT!

PRINCE NAMOR WATCHES A CURIOUS OPERATION.

HOOK THE SUB AND LIFT AWAY!

JA!

WINCHES GRIND AND THE PONDEROUS SUB IS LIFTED HALF WAY OUT OF THE WATER...

HOLD IT! - THAT'S SUFFICIENT!

HEIL HITLER, CAPTAIN KALE!

HEIL HITLER! I TRUST YOUR JOURNEY WAS UNEVENTFUL

JA! WE ESCAPED DER ALLIED ANTI-SUBMARINE PATROLS ALL THE WAY FROM DER FATHERLAND!

GOOD! AH! HERE ARE YOUR TORPEDOES!

MEANWHILE...

IT'S ALL TOO CLEAR NOW! THIS SCHOONER IS A MOTHER SHIP FOR A FLEET OF U-BOATS... SUPPLIES THEM WITH FUEL AND TORPEDOES!

JUST THEN...

THE TORPEDO!

DONNER! IT SLIPPED OUT OF THE CRADLE!

BY THE FATHOMS- IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

DASHING OUT OF HIS SHELTER, PRINCE NAMOR LEAPS FOR THE FALLING TORPEDO!

I DON'T FEEL LIKE BEING BLOWN UP YET!

HIS BRUTE STRENGTH STOPS THE TIN FISH...

WHOAH, THERE!

THE SUB-MARINER!

BLITZEN! HE SAVED OUR LIVES!

YEAH- THAT'S A SHAME!

AS THE WATER PRINCE REPLACES THE TORPEDO...

BACK TO BED, BIG BOY!

ACH! WHAT A CATCH TO TAKE BACK TO DER FATHERLAND!

BUT, THE WARY **SUB-MARINER** WHIRLS AND...

SORRY, BUT I DETEST GERMANY!

OWW!

GET HIM!

JA- GET DER SUB-MARINER!

OH-BOY!- THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE A JAMBOREE!

AN INFURIATED PRINCE WADES INTO BATTLE!

THERE'S NO SWEETER SOUND THAN THAT OF MY FISTS CRACKING NAZI JAWS!

BAM! BIFF! SOCK!

HAD ENOUGH, SEA TRAMPS?

THIS ANCHOR- MUST WEIGH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS-

THE EVIL CAPTAIN KALE BRINGS THE ANCHOR DOWN ON NAMOR'S HEAD!

THIS WILL STOP YOU!

AH! WHAT A PRIZE! WE'LL PUT HIM ABOARD THE SUB AND HEAD BACK FOR GERMANY AS SOON AS WE FINISH UNLOADING OUR CARGO...

SPLENDID! THE FEURHER WILL BE HIGHLY PLEASED-

SOME TIME LATER...

OOOOH— WHAT A HEAD! HEY! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THE BRIG OF A SUBMARINE!

UGH! MOST OF MY STRENGTH IS GONE! I NEED WATER- CAN'T BUDGE THESE BARS AN INCH...

HEARING SUB-MARINER'S ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE, CAPTAIN PRUDE ENTERS THE COMPARTMENT.

AH! OUR PET GOLD-FISH IS AWAKE, NEIN?

LISTEN, SOUR GRAPES - GIVE ME SOME WATER

NEIN! NEIN! TO GIVE YOU WATER WOULD GIVE YOU STRENGTH - YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE A DROP UNTIL WE REACH GERMANY!

WHY, YOU OLD SEA GOAT! I'LL—

SUDDENLY, NAMOR AND THE NAZI CAPTAIN ARE THROWN OFF BALANCE...

BOOM!

OOPS! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DOOMED, NAZI!

ACH! DEPTH CHARGES! WE'VE BEEN LOCATED— —DIVE TO ONE HUNDRED FATHOMS!

ON THE SURFACE, A SLEEK CORVETTE STALKS U-BOAT PREY...

FIRE PORT AND STARBOARD CHARGES!

BOOM!

BOOM!

THE TWO CANS OF T.N.T. EXPLODE CLOSE TO THE NAZI PIG BOAT...

WHOMP!

WHOMP!

THE EXPLOSION TEARS A HOLE IN THE PRISON COMPARTMENT...

HURRY, MEIN COMMANDER!

SEAL DER COMPARTMENT AS SOON AS I COME THROUGH!

HAH! HA! RUN, YOU FILTHY DOG! RUN, BECAUSE MY PRAYER HAS BEEN ANSWERED— WATER!

YIPE! JUST MADE IT!

JA!— BUT DER PRISONER, MEIN COMMANDER?

PRINCE NAMOR IS ALTOGETHER HAPPY IN HIS ENVIRONMENT...

AH, WATER! MY STRENGTH IS FLOODING BACK—

FORTIFIED WITH NEW VIGOR NAMOR MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE BARS TO HIS CELL.

NAZIS— HERE I COME!

HMM··· SO THEY CLOSED THE SEA DOOR TO KEEP THE WATER OUT, EH?

THE WATER PRINCE SMASHES INTO THE DOOR AND IT TEARS APART!

WELL, I'M LETTING IT IN!

CRUNCH!

WE MAY DIE, BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH US, SUB-MARINER!

OH, YEAH?

I HATE TO CHANGE YOUR PLANS—

AIEEEE···

THE BRAWNY NAMOR HURLS CAPTAIN PRUDE TO HIS DOOM···

—BUT YOU WERE WRONG FROM THE START!

CRACK!

SWISH!

Just then···

OH-OH! THE WATER PRESSURE HAS TORN THIS PIG BOAT IN TWO!

RRR-IP!

THE TWO HALVES SINK TO THE OCEAN BED AND NAMOR SWIMS AWAY FROM THE WRECK AS THE ENGINES EXPLODE!

NO PLACE LIKE DAVEY JONES' LOCKER FOR NAZI U-BOATS!

BOOM!

THEN, AS NAMOR BREAKS THE SURFACE···

BOOM!

OUCH! THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN EXPLODING TORPEDO!

SWIFT STROKES CARRY PRINCE NAMOR TO A SCENE OF ACTION!

A TORPEDOED SHIP! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER U-BOAT AROUND HERE!

THEN—

A CORVETTE- WONDER IF IT COULD BE LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DALE!··· AHOY THERE!

AHOY, SUB-MARINER!

WELL- WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR TO IN PORT OF SPAIN?

I WENT BACK TO THE SCHOONER WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU WILL KNOCK YOUR EYE OUT···

BUT—

TORPEDO OFF PORT!

SAVE IT, NAMOR- WE'LL HAVE TO DODGE THIS TIN FISH COMING!

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT!

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

JUST WATCH ME!

THE PLUCKY SEA PRINCE HEADS FOR THE ONCOMING TORPEDO!

AH— HELLO LITTLE MAN!

NAMOR SLIDES ONTO THE BACK OF THE PROJECTILE...

NOW, TO RIDE THIS BABY!

OH- OH... THERE'S THE U-BOAT THAT LAID THIS EGG!

QUICKLY NAMOR DIVERTS THE COURSE OF THE TORPEDO AND SENDS IT ROARING FOR THE NAZI U-BOAT!

SO LONG, FELLOW! YOU'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR MOMMA...

BOOM!

AND THUS ENDS THE TERRIBLE TALE OF THE NAZI U-BOAT- GOOD RIDDANCE!

MINUTES LATER, SUB-MARINER REACHES THE CORVETTE...

NICE WORK NAMOR! NOW, WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT THE SCHOONER, *MARCELLE*?

OH, YES- LISTEN CLOSELY!

PRINCE NAMOR TELLS THE TRUE STORY OF THE SCHOONER'S PURPOSE...

SAY- WHAT YOU HAVE JUST TOLD ME IS CERTAINLY A SHOCK I NEVER DREAMED IT!

NATURALLY! IT'S AN ALMOST UNDETECTABLE FRONT FOR THE NAZIS

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, NAMOR... LOOK WHAT'S APPROACHING!

THE MARCELLE! HUSH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING!

THE SCHOONER DRAWS CLOSER...

AHOY, LIEUTENANT DALE- I'VE COME TO HELP TAKE IN SURVIVORS.

VERY WELL, CAPTAIN KALE, PULL ALONGSIDE!

MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER BOARDS THE CRAFT...

MARC

WHILE DALE KEEPS THE CAPTAIN BUSY, I WANT TO MAKE THIS PIG BOAT LAIR USELESS!

... AND GAINS THE HOLD OF THE SHIP.

AH- THERE'S THE CONTROL WHEEL THAT WILL LET ME INTO THE FALSE HOLD— BUT, I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THAT GUARD—

FLO

SEIZING A TRAILING CHAIN, NAMOR SWINGS AND...

SAY, GOODBYE, NAZI!

OOP!

WHAM!

THEN, IN THE SECRET COMPARTMENT, NAMOR DOES HEAVY DAMAGE!

THIS SHOULD DO IT. I'LL OPEN UP THE BOTTOM PLATES, BUT WON'T PUT ON THE COMPRESSED AIR— AHH... SHE'S STARTING TO FLOOD ALREADY!

NOW SHE'S BEGINNING TO LIST. NEXT, I'LL FIND CAPTAIN KALE- AND WE'LL HAVE AN AIR EXPOSE!

ON DECK, CAPTAIN KALE IS FUMING...

MY BOAT'S STARTING TO LIST... SOMETHING'S WRONG!

Then...

SURE, CAPTAIN KALE- YOU'RE ALL WRONG FOR TEAMING WITH THE NAZI RATS!

SUB-MARINER! HOW???

UNCOVER THE GUNS! LOAD AND OPEN FIRE ON THE CORVETTE AND ON THAT FOOL, SUB-MARINER!

FALSE CABINS DROP PARTITIONS TO DISPLAY TWO MENACING GUNS...

WOW! JUST LIKE A Q-BOAT!

FIRE!

BOOM!

OOPS! MISSED ME!

WHEEEE

AS THE GUN IS RELOADED, PRINCE NAMOR CHARGES FORWARD...

ONE CHANCE IS ALL YOU GET, BUMS!

STAND ASIDE AND LET A REAL GUNNER SHOOT!

BAM!

CRACK!

NAMOR AIMS THE LOADED CANNON AT THE GUN OPPOSITE...

NOW- READY- AIM!

FIRE!

DIRECT HIT!

BOOM!

AS THE FIGHT PROGRESSES...

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME! THOSE AMERICAN SAILORS ARE WINNING-

I'LL GET OUT OF HERE AND HEAD FOR PORT OF SPAIN... I CAN HIDE OUT UNTIL I AM PICKED UP BY A U-BOAT...

MARSEILLE

BUT, THE PRINCE OF THE SEAS HAS SPOTTED KALE...

DESERTING THE SHIP, EH, RATS?

YOU!

MARCE

YES, ME! AND IF YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN GETTING INTO THAT BOAT...

NAMOR SLAMS THE CAPTAIN INTO THE BOAT!

WELL— GET INTO IT!

IT'S ALL OVER, NAMOR... THE CREW'S SURRENDERED!

SO DID CAPTAIN KALE. YOU'LL FIND HIM DOWN THERE KISSING SOME PLANKS!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

WELL, DALE... HERE COMES THE PRIZE FISH!

YES, AND WE'LL PICKLE HIM AS A PRISONER OF WAR!

THE CORVETTE HEADS BACK TO PORT WITH THE CAPTURED PRISONERS AND THE WATER-LOGGED SCHOONER IN TOW.

AND THIS ENDS THE LAIR OF THE PIG BOATS—

WELL SAID, NAMOR. AND WELL DONE!

SUBMARINER CAN ALWAYS DO A GOOD JOB ON HIS ENEMIES AND PARTICULARLY ON THOSE FOES OF FREEDOM WHO ARE TAKING LIBERTY FROM MEN AND GIVING ONLY BONDAGE IN RETURN!

DO YOUR BIT--

BUY ALL THE BONDS AND STAMPS YOU CAN!

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!

BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, *in double-quick time*, become a holy terror in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest *frame* of yours waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.

Just *think!* You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you certain that no one will *dare* lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique NOW! No expensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, your body develops a smoothness, fitness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in LIGHTNING JU-JITSU. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly combination of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men, prison, bank, airport and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you LIGHTNING JU-JITSU for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives deposit 98c (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will promptly return your money.

What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by co-ordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc. . . .

FREE!

IF YOU ACT QUICKLY!

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away you will get a copy of the sensational new POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS. Here are revealed the holds and counter blows that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. Act promptly to get your free copy.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

NEW POWER PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 2607
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me in plain package for 5 days' FREE trial LIGHTNING JU-JITSU. I will pay the postman 98c (plus a few cents for postage and handling). If, within 5 days, I am not completely satisfied I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

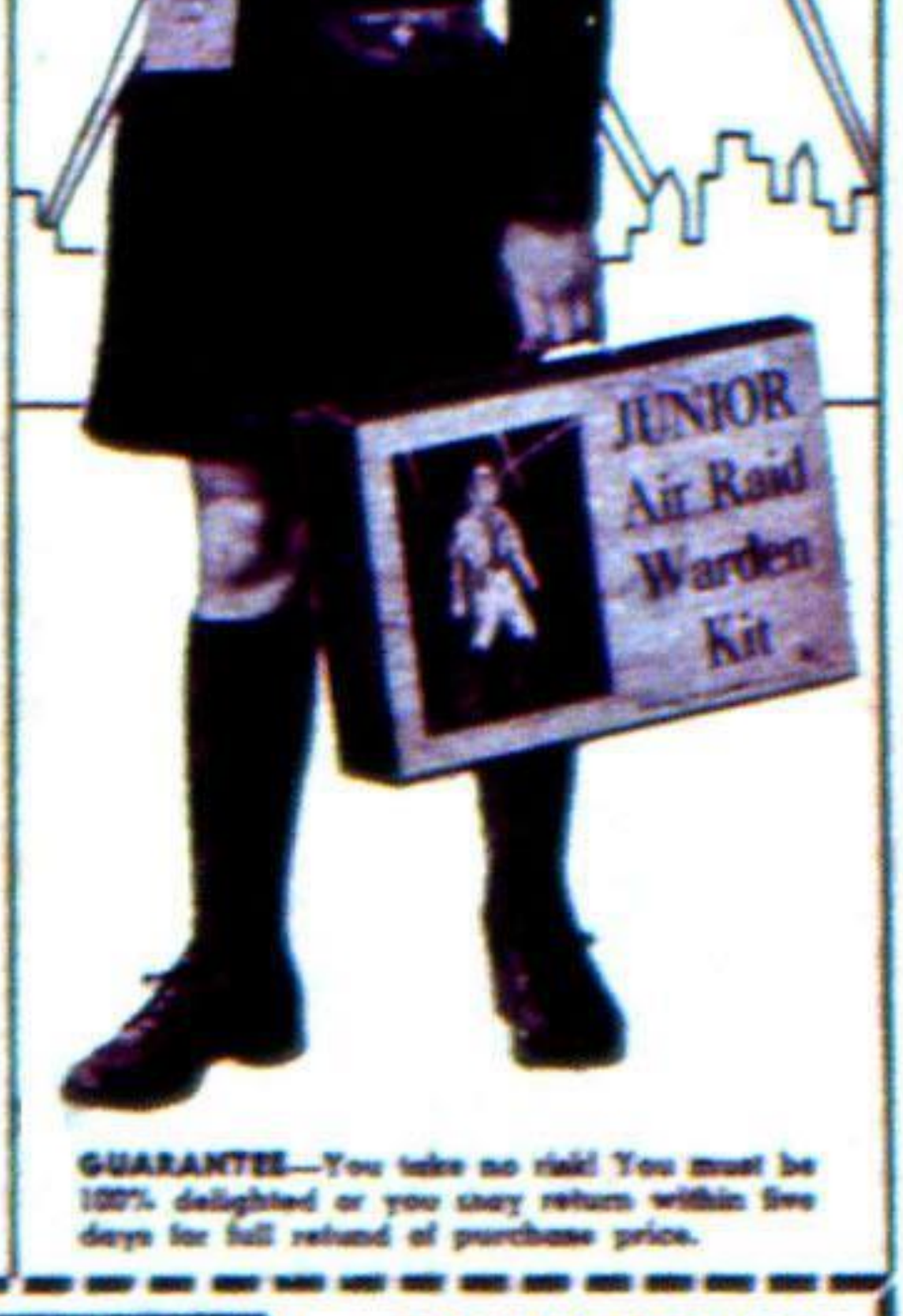
☐ Check here if you want to save postage. Enclose 98c with coupon and we will pay postage charges. The same refund privilege completely guaranteed.

Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT · READ *FREE* OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play . . . BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren - like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you . . . you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit . . . and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.



GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED

This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER

Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfit, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden . . . but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit $1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 306
535 FIFTH AVE., New York, N. Y.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

AIR RAID SHELTER

KAY NOVELTY CO.
Dept. 306, 535 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postman $1.69, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

Help yourself get the job you want in the Army . . .

PASS HIGH ON THE INDUCTION "I.Q." TEST

Your future military life, your rank, your pay, your job, depend in part on the grade you achieve on your induction General Classification Test. As a wise man once said, "An opportunity well taken is the only weapon of advantage." The time to prepare is NOW — before you take your test.

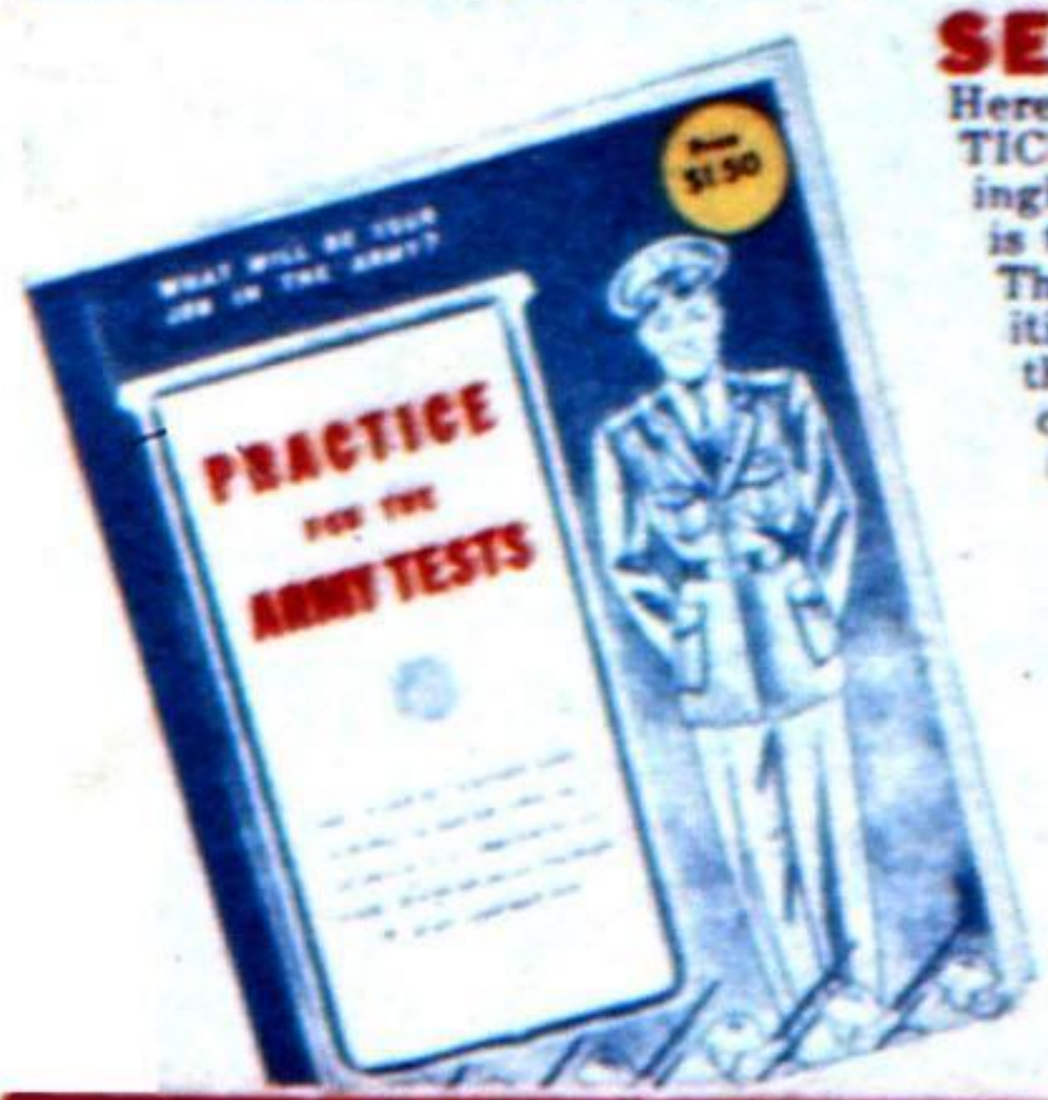
PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

- How the Army Decides Upon Your Job.
- Vocabulary
- Arithmetic (15 Fascinating Chapters)
- Cube Counting (Very Important)
- How to Prepare Yourself for the Tests
- How to Avoid Pitfalls, etc., etc.
- Tests in the Air Force
- Tests in the Navy

NOW BE VERY PRACTICAL ABOUT YOURSELF

Take advantage of the help that is offered you here. PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" has been compiled to help men like you. Not only yourself, but your family, and the army, want to see that you get the job for which you are best qualified. "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" is a book containing complete and simplified material along the lines of the questions given on the tests—tells how to answer them quickly and easily. It gives you a real opportunity to go to your test with the self-assurance "that I am ready." Here's why. The ABC simplicity of this startling book will gear your mind to the rapid-fire answer-technique so characteristic of I. Q. tests. It helps you to brush up on vocabulary, mathematical formulas, cube counting, and all the other special techniques that you should master if you want to do yourself justice on your exam.

Remember, the men who will decide what job you are to have in your military career are personnel officers who have been thoroughly trained in the proper use of each man's abilities and aptitudes . . . and remember they are looking, yes, seeking out the men who will stand above the average. One of those men may be you. Will you be one of the 95,000 who will attend Officer Candidate School this year? Will you be one of the 75,000 who will be commissioned? To enter one of these schools you must make a really good score on the General Classification Test. Will you make the grade? Will your mark be high enough to allow you to enter Officer Candidate School? If you want one of these ratings, and we are sure you do, brush up...before you take the tests.



SEND NO MONEY . . . 5 DAY TRIAL

Here is the most surprising part of this offer. The price of this "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" has deliberately been made exceedingly low. The publishers are anxious that every ambitious man who is to be in our armed forces have a copy so as to derive its benefits. Therefore, this great educational aid is yours for only $1.50. So positive are we that you will never part with it for many times its cost, that we will send you yours with a definite understanding that you can look it over from cover to cover for five days. If you don't like it, if you don't think it's everything we say, and don't feel it will help you, return it and get your money back just for the asking. Sign your name and address to the coupon and rush it to us. Speed is important to you NOW because the sooner you get the book, the faster will you be prepared. Merely pay the postman $1.50 plus postage or, if you prefer, send $1.50 and we will pay the postage, but you enjoy the same money back guarantee just the same. (We have a limited number of our deluxe edition "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" specially bound which are available at $2.50 plus postage or $2.50 if you remit in advance.) You take no risk. Order today.

ACT NOW
RUSH COUPON TODAY

ARCO PUB. CO., Dept. 4706
480 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

☐ Send me copy of "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" by return mail. I will pay postman $1.50 plus postage on arrival. (If you prefer to send money order, do so and save postage.) It is understood I may examine the book for 5 days and return for refund if not satisfied.
NOTE: Deluxe edition, specially bound, $2.50 plus postage or $2.50 if you remit in advance. ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....